CHARLTON COMICS
00774-172
NO. 3
JAN.
CDC
20¢

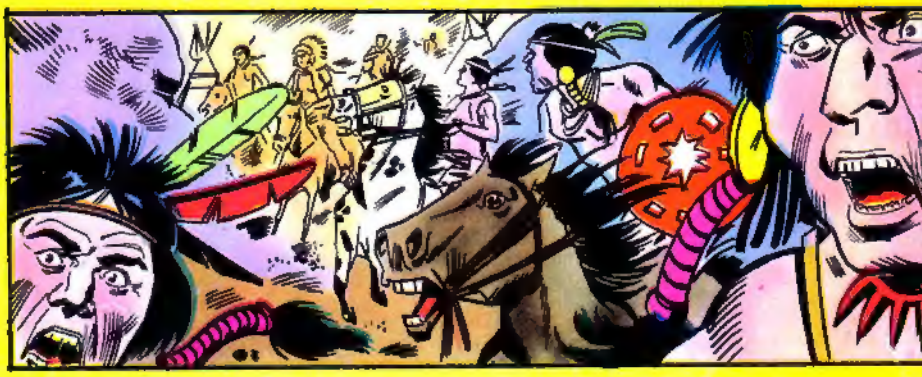
ALL NEW STORIES and ART

GERONIMO JONES

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

GERONIMO JONES

WHAT UNKNOWN TERROR HAS FRIGHTENED AN ENTIRE TRIBE OF INDIANS?



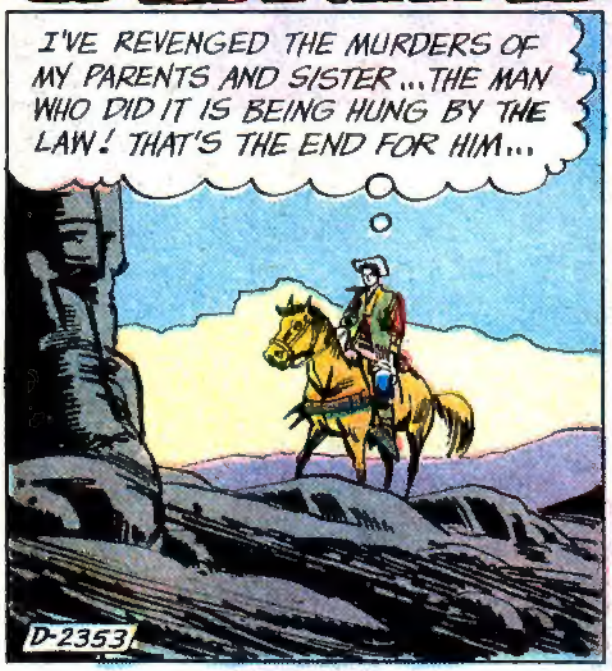
WHAT CAN A YOUNG MAN DO WHEN HE STUMBLES UPON THIS MYSTERIOUS EVIL GOD?

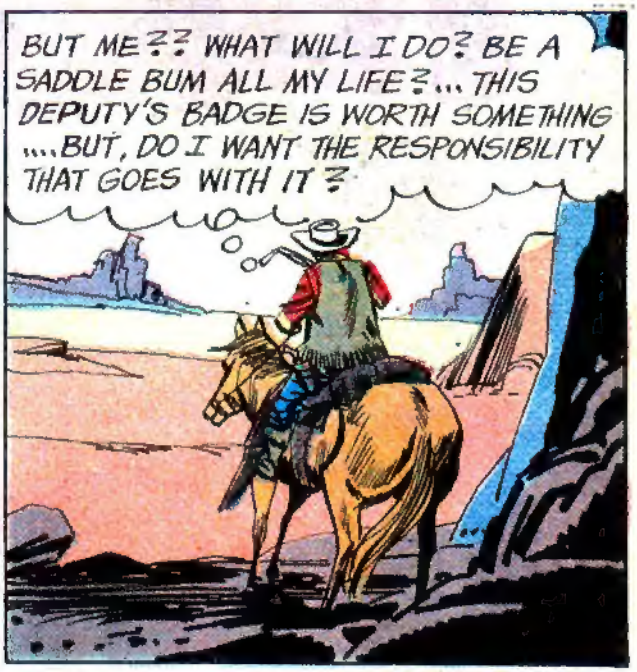
A NEW EXCITING WESTERN SAGA...

00774

GERONIMO JONES

1846 AND YOUNG 17 YEAR OLD, EX-SOLDIER, GERONIMO JONES, HAVING BEEN ORPHANED BY AN OUTLAW GANG, IS NOW TRYING TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE VAST NEW WESTERN TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.



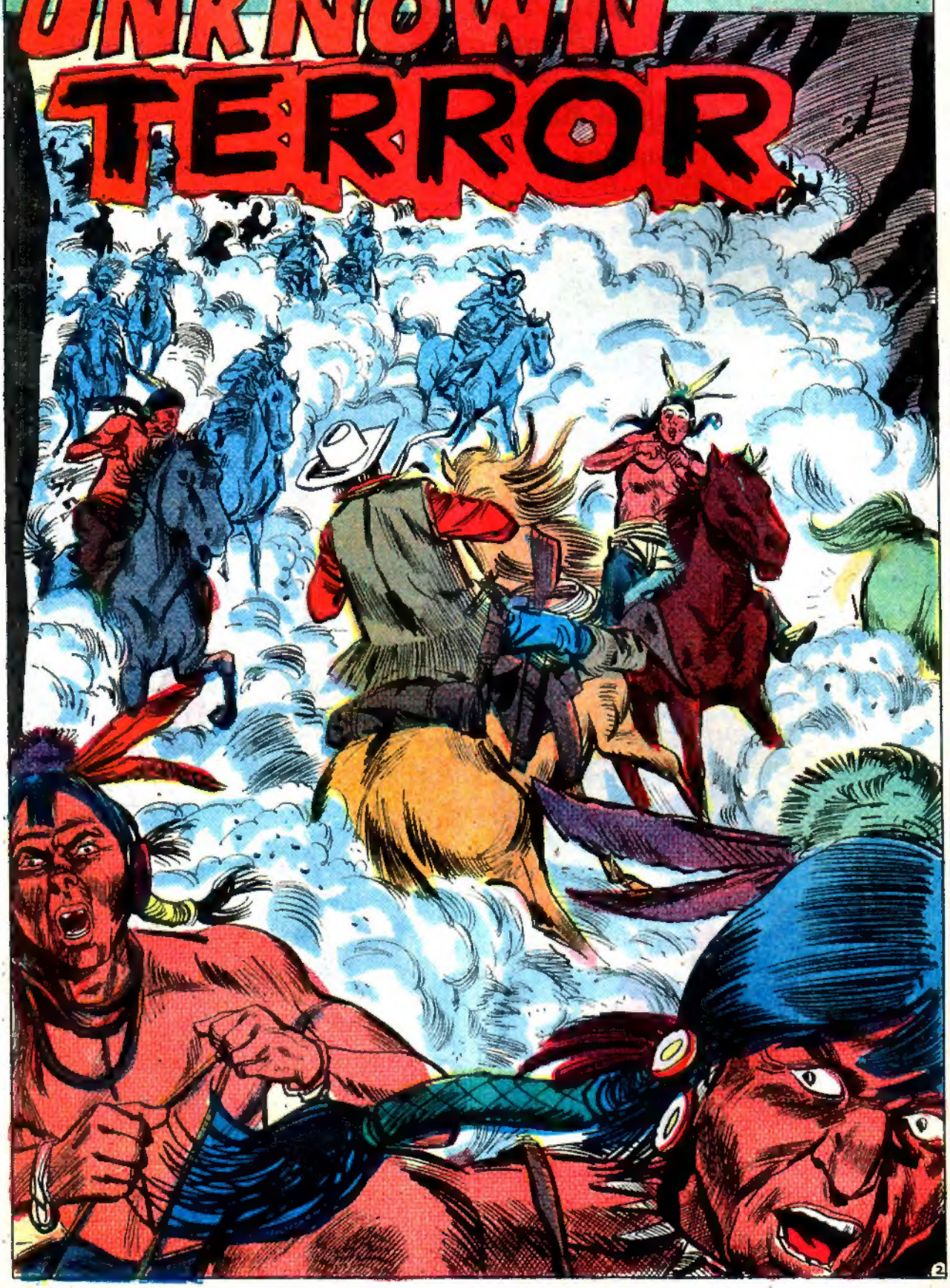

BUT ME?? WHAT WILL I DO? BE A SADDLE BUM ALL MY LIFE?... THIS DEPUTY'S BADGE IS WORTH SOMETHING ....BUT, DO I WANT THE RESPONSIBILITY THAT GOES WITH IT?

WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT THE LAW .... THE ARMY TAUGHT ME WHAT KILLING IS ALL ABOUT... IS THIS BADGE MUCH OF A REPLACEMENT FOR THAT?
©GERONIMO JONES

GERONIMO JONES Vol. 2, No. 3, January, 1972,
published bimonthly by Charlton Press, Inc. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. © Copyright 1971 Charlton Press, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 20¢ per copy. Subscription $1.20 annually. Printed in U.S.A. Sal Gentile, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended.
This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vender in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.

THE SCREAMS COME CLOSER AND CLOSER... AND THEN... GERONIMO IS IN THE CENTER OF HUNDREDS OF INDIANS... HOOTING AND HOLLERING... FLEEING FOR THEIR LIVES FROM WHAT

UNKNOWN TERROR



GERONIMO SPOTS THE CHIEF AND RIDES FOR HIM...
CHIEF RED FEATHERS! IT'S ME... JONES! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
YOU NOT TALK NOW... YOU COME WITH US.... MANY MOONS SINCE YOU WEAR BLUE SOLDIER UNIFORM... MANY THINGS CHANGE!
NOW HOLD ON A MINUTE, CHIEF! I'VE ONLY BEEN OUT OF THE ARMY FOR A FEW MONTHS AND YOUR TRIBE WAS ALWAYS PEACEFUL, SO, WHAT CAUSED THIS?
EVIL SPIRITS COME TO CHIEF RED FEATHERS VILLAGE... TURN US FROM OUR LAND... EVIL... EVIL...
EVIL? WHAT KIND OF EVIL?
MY PEOPLE HAPPY... HUNT, PLAY, LIVE IN PEACE! THEN, HUGE EVIL GOD COME TO OUR LAND! TELL US TO LEAVE OR WILL BE MUCH BLOODSHED...
3

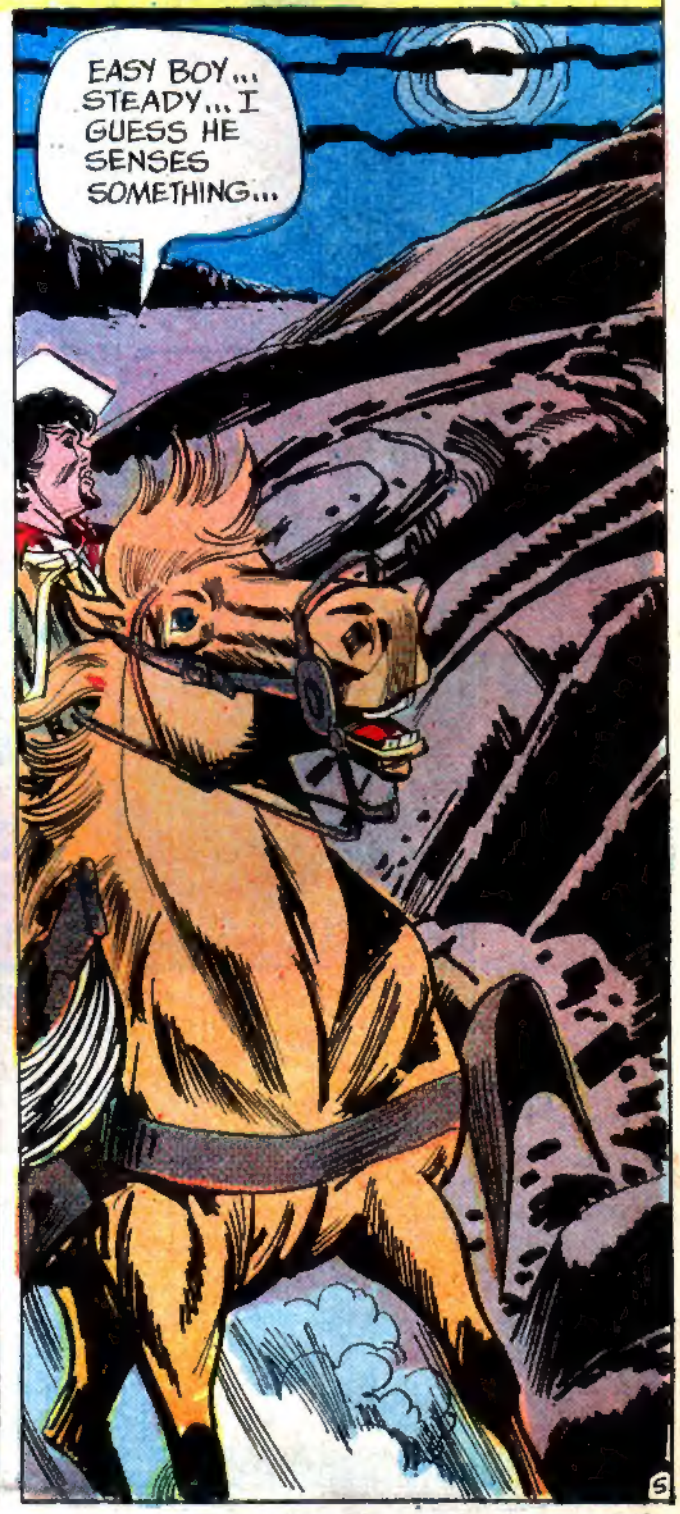
I NOT BELIEVE THIS! BUT, TIME PASS AND ONE DAY EVIL GOD RETURN WITH ANGRY STAFF...
MY PEOPLE BELIEVE BUT I SAY NO... NOT LEAVE OUR HOME LAND... WE STAY... EVIL GOD RETURN MORE ANGRY AND MAKE OUR CAMPFIRE INTO EVIL AGAINST US!
BLAM!
BOOM!
WE STILL NOT LEAVE AND GOD RETURN ON HIS EVIL MOUNT! I SHOOT HIM WITH ARROW.... ARROW USELESS AGAINST HIM... MY PEOPLE SEE AND RUN!
CLANG!
I'M SURE YOU SAW SOMETHING, CHIEF. BUT THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS AN EVIL GOD THAT WANTS YOUR LAND! LET ME TRY TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON.
WE CAMP NOW, TOMORROW WE MOVE ON...
I HOPE THAT'S TIME ENOUGH CHIEF... I'M ON MY WAY TO MEET YOUR EVIL GOD!
BRAVE BOY... MAY GOD OF YOUNG GO WITH HIM!
END PART I
4

PART II

GERONIMO JONES

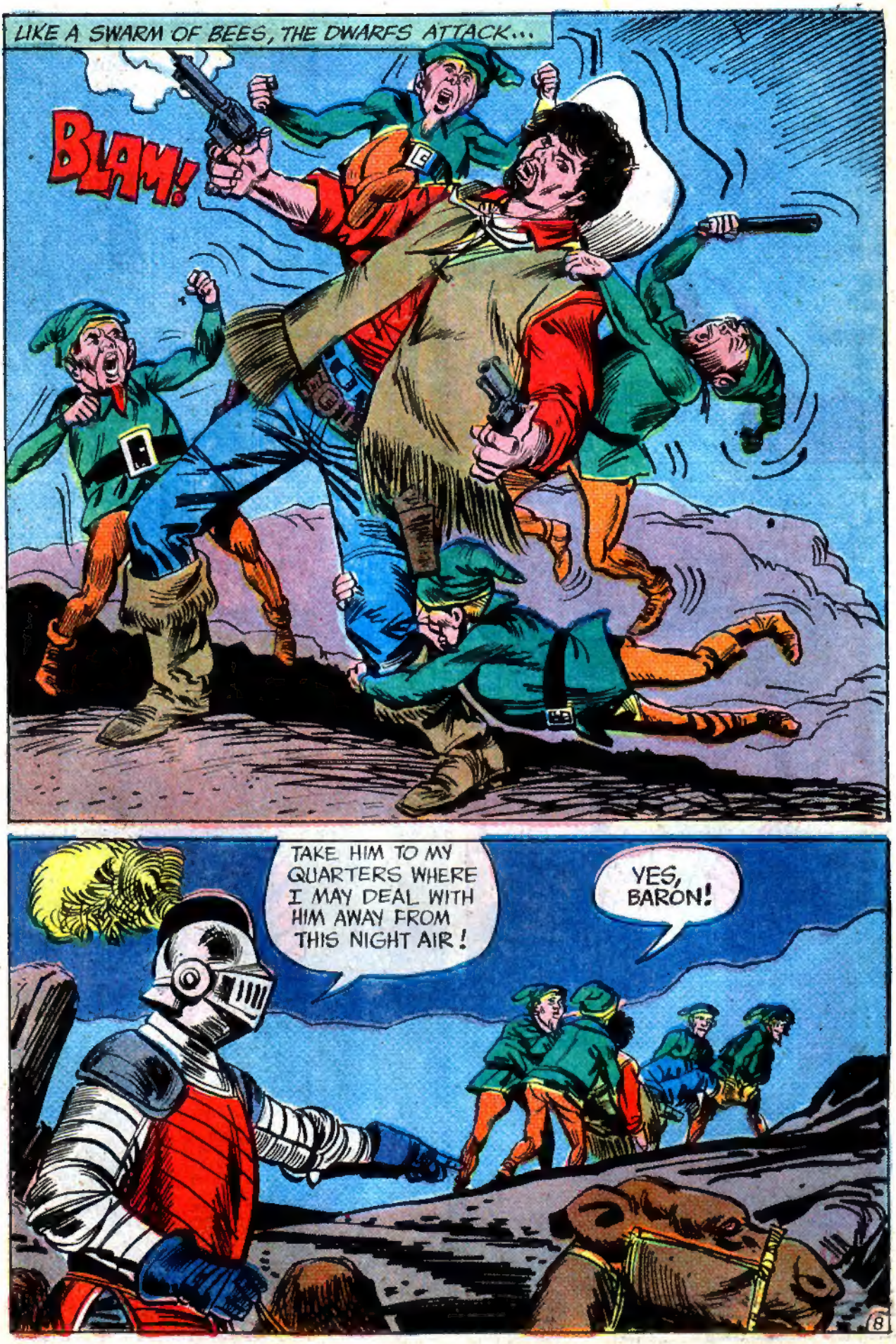
THE SUN FELL AND THE ICY CHILL OF NIGHT DESCENDED ON THE HILLY TERRITORY... ANOTHER TYPE OF CHILL DESCENDED ON GERONIMO AS HE MADE HIS WAY AMONG THE INK BLACK SHADOWS OF NIGHT, SEEKING OUT THE

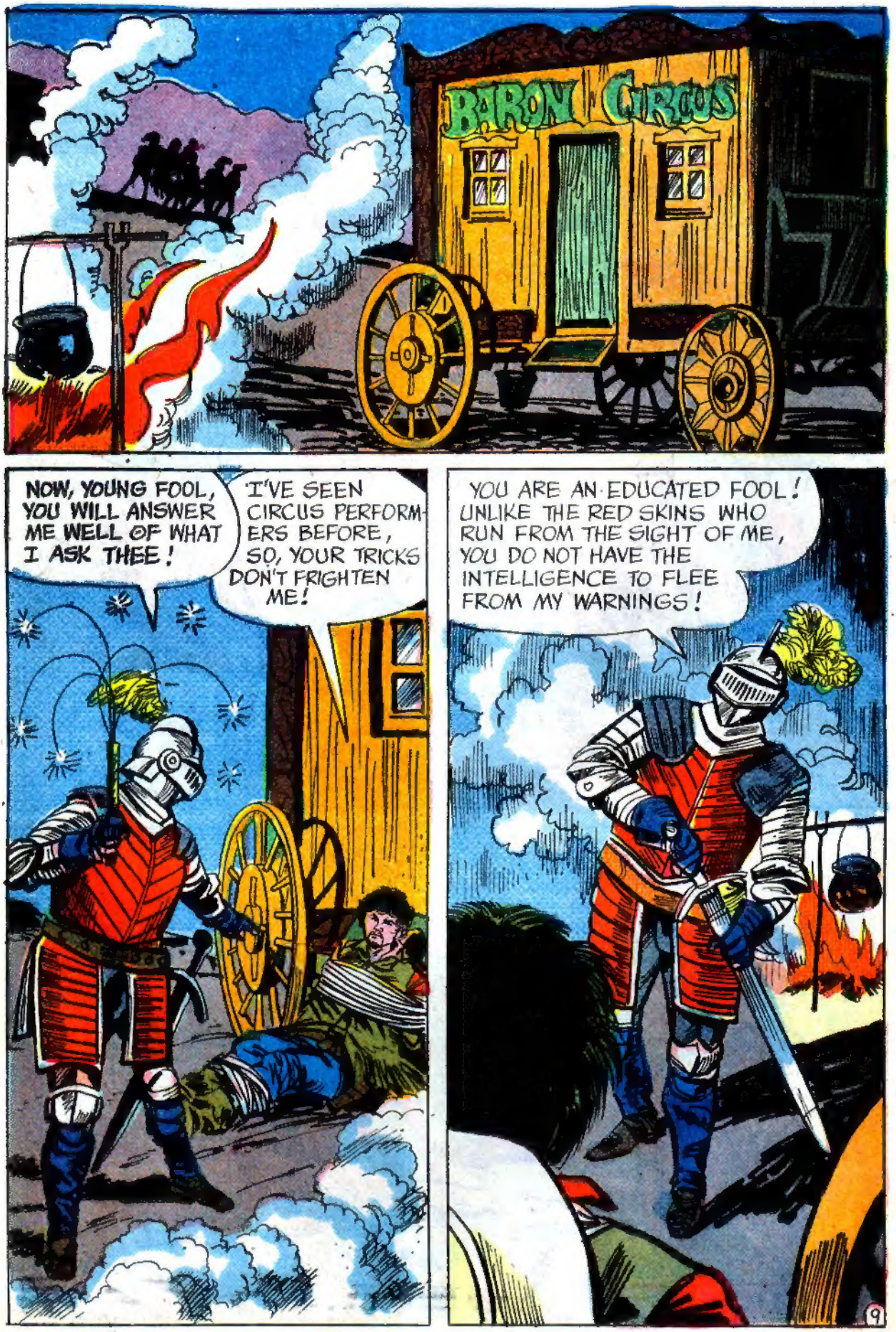
EVIL GOD!



CHIEF RED FEATHERS WAS RIGHT!

...TO A POINT... DROP THOSE ROMAN CANDLES BEFORE I DROP YOU!
I WILL HAVE MY DRAGON DEVOUR YOU!
I'VE SEEN CAMELS BEFORE, MISTER!
7


LIKE A SWARM OF BEES, THE DWARFS ATTACK...
BLAM!
TAKE HIM TO MY QUARTERS WHERE I MAY DEAL WITH HIM AWAY FROM THIS NIGHT AIR!
YES, BARON!
8


BARON CIRCUS
NOW, YOUNG FOOL, YOU WILL ANSWER ME WELL OF WHAT I ASK THEE!
I'VE SEEN CIRCUS PERFORMERS BEFORE, SO, YOUR TRICKS DON'T FRIGHTEN ME!
YOU ARE AN EDUCATED FOOL! UNLIKE THE RED SKINS WHO RUN FROM THE SIGHT OF ME, YOU DO NOT HAVE THE INTELLIGENCE TO FLEE FROM MY WARNINGS!
9

AND FOR THIS YOU WILL DIE!
NO, BARON, DON'T!
SILENCE! SILENCE! YOU HAVE NO THOUGHTS OTHER THAN THOSE I PERMIT YOU TO HAVE!
WHACK
TAKE THEM AWAY FROM MY SIGHT! I WILL DISPOSE OF THEM AT DAWN!

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

"IT ALL BEGAN IN LONDON, ENGLAND! THE CIRCUS BUSINESS WAS BAD SO THE BARON DECIDED THAT WE SHOULD ALL COME TO AMERICA AND MAKE MILLIONS ... "

"WE RECEIVED A MOST UNCEREMONIOUS WELCOME!"

"BUT, MY MASTER WAS NOT DISTURBED BY THIS AND WE CONTINUED ON... "

"AT LAST OUR VOYAGE BROUGHT US TO THIS NEW WESTERN TERRITORY... HERE WE MET A FORM OF SUCCESS WE HAD NOT THOUGHT POSSIBLE!"
"IN TIME, THE BARON WAS HONORED AS A GOD-LIKE-FIGURE!"
GOD OF RED SILVER, WE HONOR YOU!
12

THE WEALTH AND SUCCESS HAD TURNED HIM INTO A MAD DEMON... THOSE THAT DID NOT HONOR HIM WITH RICHES, SAVORED HIS SWORD!
...FOR NOW HE REALLY THOUGHT HIMSELF A
GOD
END
PART II

PART III

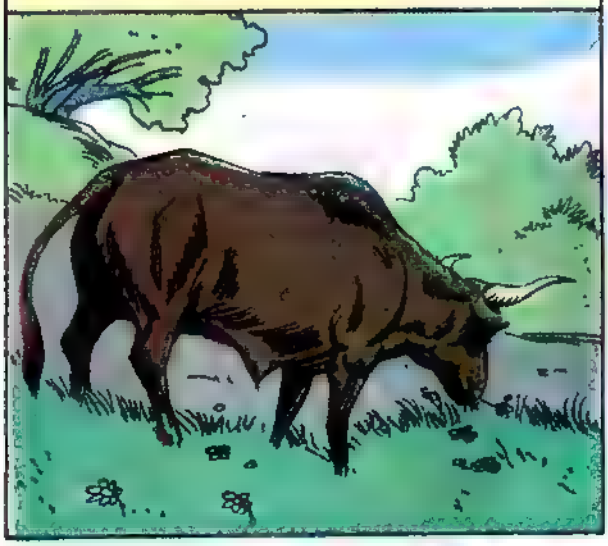
GERONIMO JONES

THE MORNING SUN BEGAN ITS RELENTLESS CLIMB INTO THE HEAVENS... DAWN HAD COME TO THIS LAND ...AND WITH IT...THE

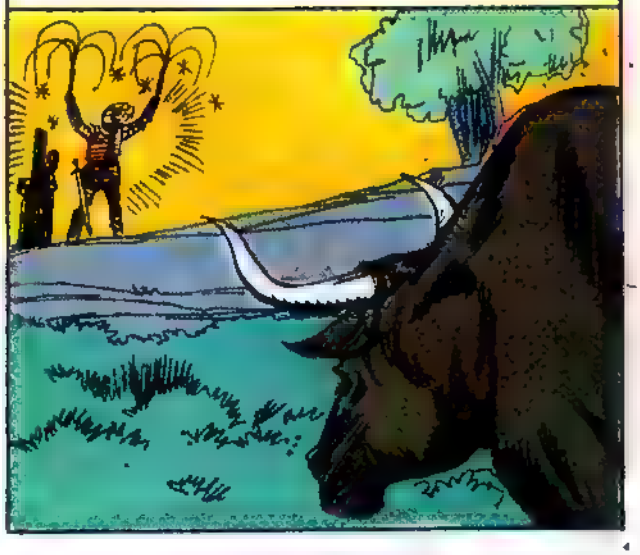
MOMENT OF TRUTH!

YOU WHO DARE PROFANE ME BY DOUBTS AND DISRESPECT WILL INCUR THE WRATH OF GOD! FIRE WILL CLEANSE YOUR SOUL, THEN YOU WILL OBEY!

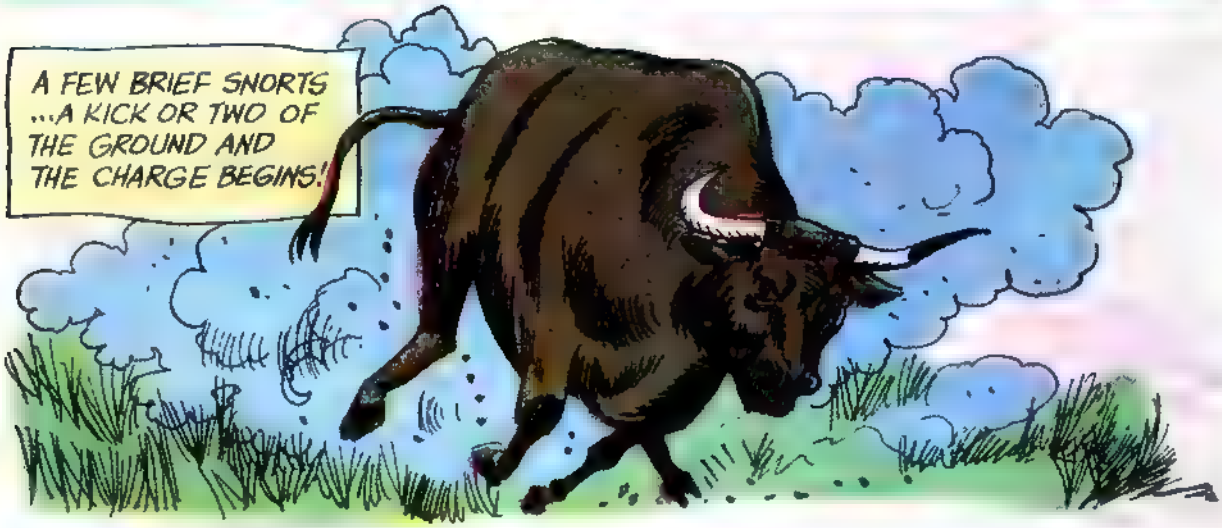
A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THIS SCENE A SLEEPY BULL IS HAVING HIS MORNING BREAKFAST!



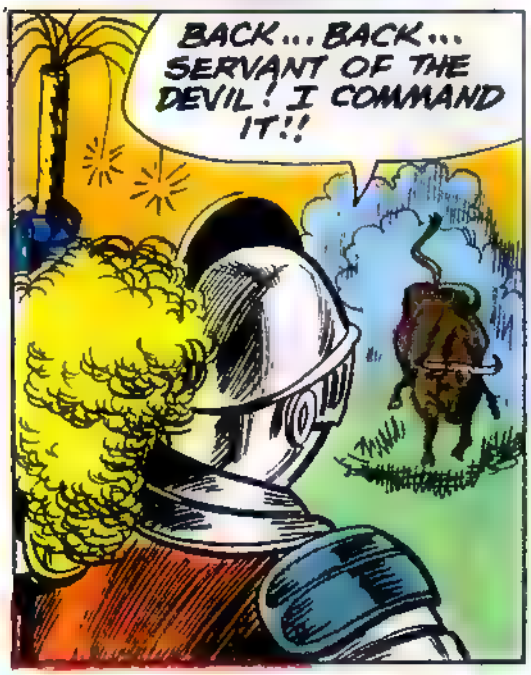
THE SUN'S RAYS SPARKLING OFF THE RED ARMOR ANNOYS THE WILD BULLS GRAZING!

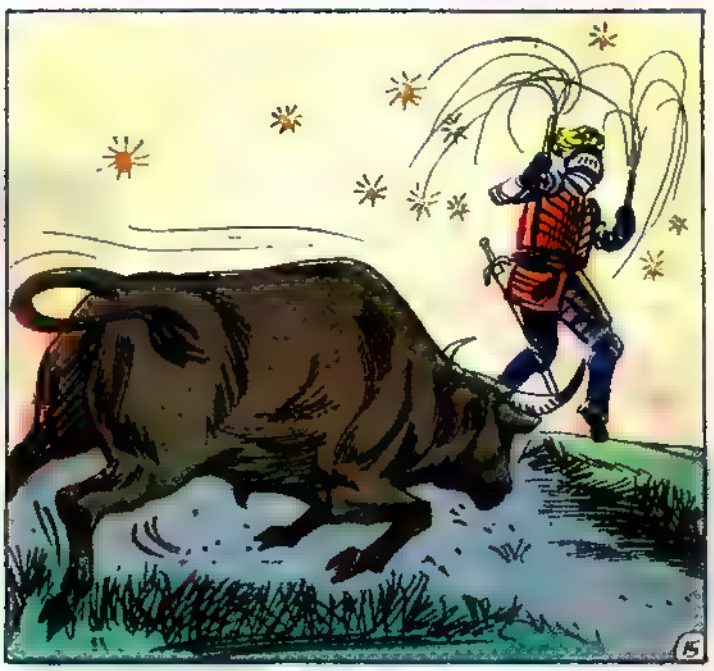


A FEW BRIEF SNORTS ...A KICK OR TWO OF THE GROUND AND THE CHARGE BEGINS!



BACK... BACK... SERVANT OF THE DEVIL! I COMMAND IT!!





AIIIIEEEEE!
IT IS THE EVIL GOD COME TO....
HA-HA-HA-HA!
IT IS OUR FRIEND JONES ... BOUND BY THE EVIL ONE!
I'M GLAD YOU'RE STILL AROUND, CHIEF ... CUT US OUT OF THESE ROPES!
YOU HAVE SENT THAT DEVIL'S MONSTER TO DO BATTLE WITH ME ... BUT IT DID NOT SUCCEED ... MY SWORD WAS MIGHTIER ... AND NOW IT THIRSTS FOR YOUR BLOOD ...
DIE!
16

THEIR COURAGE REGAINED BY THE SIGHT OF THE BARON BEING CHASED BY THE ENRAGED BULL...THE ENTIRE TRIBE QUIETLY FOLLOWED THEIR CHIEF...
LOWER YOUR SWORD, BARON, YOU ARE SURROUNDED!
I AM A GOD ...I WILL DESTROY YOU AND THEN THEY ALL WILL DIE!
THE SILENCE OF THE MORNING IS BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF A HUNDRED ARROWS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR TO MEET A SINGLE TARGET
THEY ALL FOUND THEIR MARK...BUT IN VAIN....
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
ONE WAS DESTINED TO BE TRUE ...
OH!
17
...CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES

THANK YOU, GERONIMO, FOR STANDING UP TO THE BARON! IF HE WASN'T STOPPED NOW, THERE IS NO TELLING WHAT HE WOULD HAVE FORCED US TO DO NEXT!
WE WILL TRY TO RETURN THESE GREAT TREASURES THAT WERE GIVEN TO THE BARON, AS WELL AS THOSE HE STOLE!
I KNOW YOU WILL, TIMMY!
AIIIEEEE!
NOW WHAT!?
THE EVIL GOD DRAGON HAS RETURNED!
THE CHIEF OF A NOBLE TRIBE DESERVES A NOBLE MOUNT!
THANK YOU, YOUNG JONES! YOUR YEARS ARE SMALL, BUT YOUR COURAGE IS INDEED GREAT. YOU HAVE TAUGHT US THAT TO FACE EVIL IS MUCH BETTER THAN TO RUN FROM IT. YOU ARE INDEED OUR BROTHER, GERONIMO JONES!
END

DOC DOES IT DANDY!

His full name was John Henry Holliday. But as long as there are stories and legends alive of the Old West, he will just be remembered as Doc Holliday.

One thing has puzzled writers on the Old West for years. A careful examination of the career of Doc Holliday has shown that for some reason, when he seemed to come into conflict with the law, something strange would always happen. Either the law would look the other way or act as though to condone what he did.

We now know that during this period of time he was a detective on the staff of the famous Rocky Mountain Detective Association, which was headed by General D. J. Cook. And at the same time he was sort of secret agent for the railroads and stage companies. Thus he was working hand-in-hand with the law authorities all the time.

This particular episode concerns a situation presented to him by Circuit Judge Paul Revell who came to his office.

"I am executor of the estate of the late Dan Carson, who owned the Double T Spread. Biggest one in our county. He left it to his sister, Mrs. Dorothy Malone, a widow. Trouble is that his ex-foreman, Ben Davis, refused to turn it over to us. Claimed that there was an understanding he would get half of the ranch on the death of his boss. I have a court order for you to serve on him. But he has the toughest gun slingers in the county who not only work for him but would even die for him. So how do you handle it?"

"Just give me three thousand dollars as a starter," grinned Doc Holliday. "I know Dan Carson so that's why I figured you came to see me. Also keep Mrs. Malone around in the county. I have an idea."

"Hope it doesn't involve gun play," sighed the Judge. "But if it comes to a show-down, I guess you can take care of things."

A week later, Doc Holliday rode alone to the ranch. Two men stopped and questioned him. Then he was brought to the ranch house where Dan Carson greeted him in a friendly way.

"What brings you here?" he finally asked.

"Want to get a two year option for the D, K, and L Railroad," he explained. "Your land goes all along the mountain range. Means if they decide to build in this area, no need of expensive tunnels. Give you a thousand dollars in gold for the option. If the railroad uses the land, you get not less than seventy-five thousand dollars for a strip wide enough for three tracks, though we only build one track at the start."

Dan Garson didn't reply for a few minutes. It was evident his mind was trying to size up the situation correctly.

"I don't get it," he admitted. "According to rumor you were to serve a court order on me. If the railroad came this way, this place would be a mint. But I can't legally sign that piece of paper. You got an idea how to help me?"

"You bet I have," said Doc Holliday. "Let Mrs. Malone take title to the place. She needs a man to run things. Not a bad looking woman. Time you got married. Think it over. That way you get your half as her husband according to territorial law."

So Mrs. Malone took title peacefully to her ranch. And sure enough, six months later, she and Dan Garson were married. It was a big wedding with Doc Holliday as the best man. She even signed the option but refused to take any money for it. After all, she knew it was her money being used in a clever peaceful way to get her ranch. And she really did like the foreman at that. Now we could end the story here. But it has a second ending.

About a year later, Mr. Thomas Medfield, president of the D, K, and L Railroad sent for Doc Holliday.

"We are going to expand our route to the southwest," he began. "The days of the open range and trail driver are about over. Look at the map on my desk. If we could get a right of way through the Double T Ranch, we could save a fortune by not tunneling through the mountains. Can you help us?"

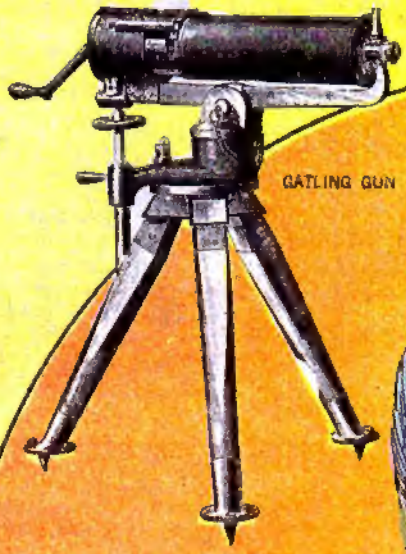
"You pay twenty thousand dollars for an option and another seventy five thousand dollars to get the right of way," replied Doc Holliday. "And you got a good deal."

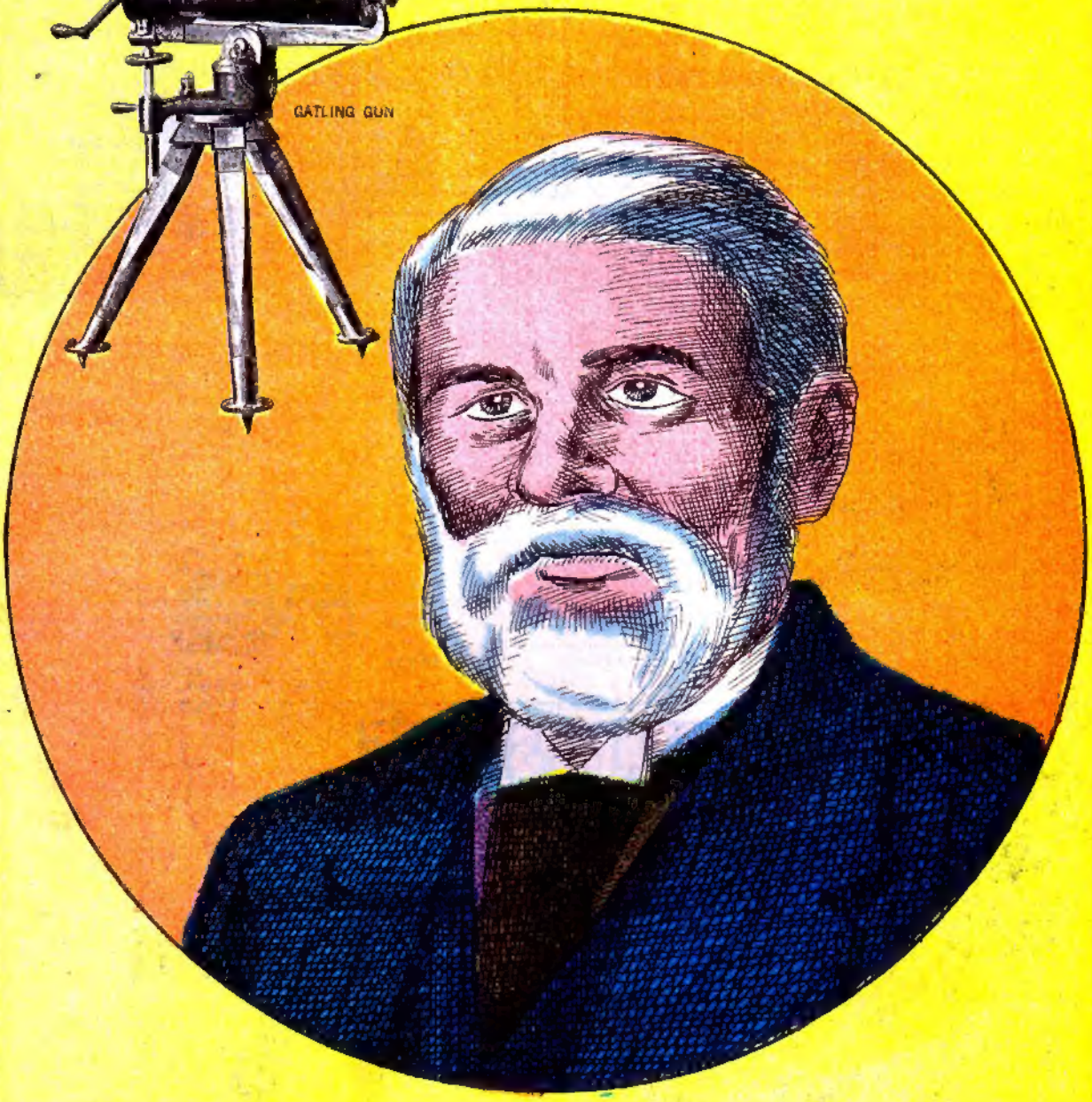
And so that is how Doc Holliday managed to put away some good money for his old age.

THE CHARISMA KID

YES SIREE! THIS HERE IS THE DULLEST TOWN IN THE WEST!
HOW CAN I EVER BE A HERO WHEN NOTHING EVER HAPPENS?
THIS PLACE IS JUST A BIG BORE!
OH, WELL.... A-HA! AT LAST... MY BIG CHANCE!
2

HEY, YOU OVER THERE! STOP WHERE YOU ARE! DON'T MOVE! I'M COMIN'!
YOU KNOW YOU SHOULDN'T CROSS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET...ONLY AT THE CORNER! THE NEXT TIME YOU DO THAT...
I'M VERY SORRY, FRIEND! I PROMISE TO NEVER DO THAT AGAIN!
NOW I HOPE THAT WILL TEACH HIM... HE'LL REMEMBER THAT HE TANGLED WITH THE CHARISMA KID!
BANK
END





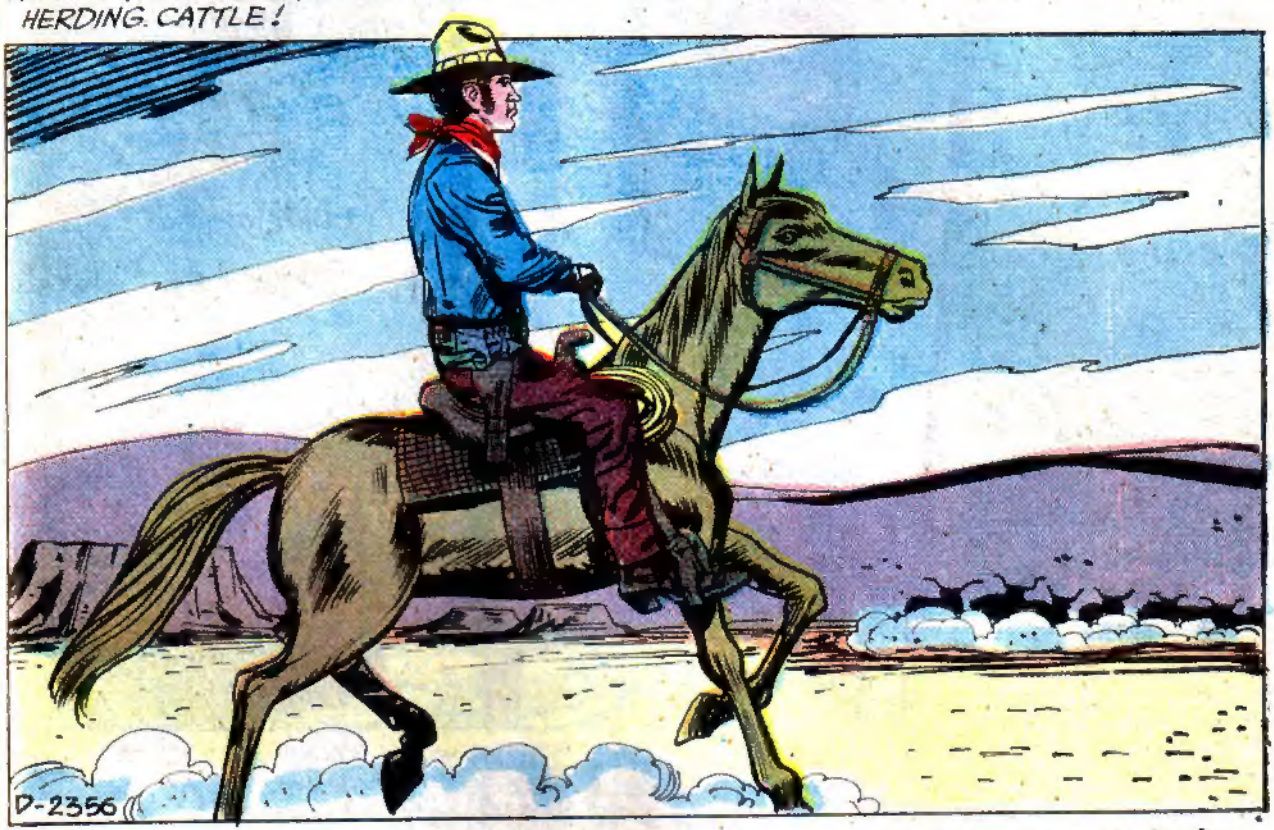
RICHARD GATLING

1818–1903
INVENTOR, DEVELOPED RAPID-FIRE
GATLING GUN.

D-2385

COWBOYS AND....

THERE ARE COWBOYS IN MANY OTHER COUNTRIES BESIDES THE UNITED STATES, SUCH AS SPAIN, ARGENTINA, AUSTRALIA, MEXICO, ETC. THEY ALL HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON... HERDING CATTLE!



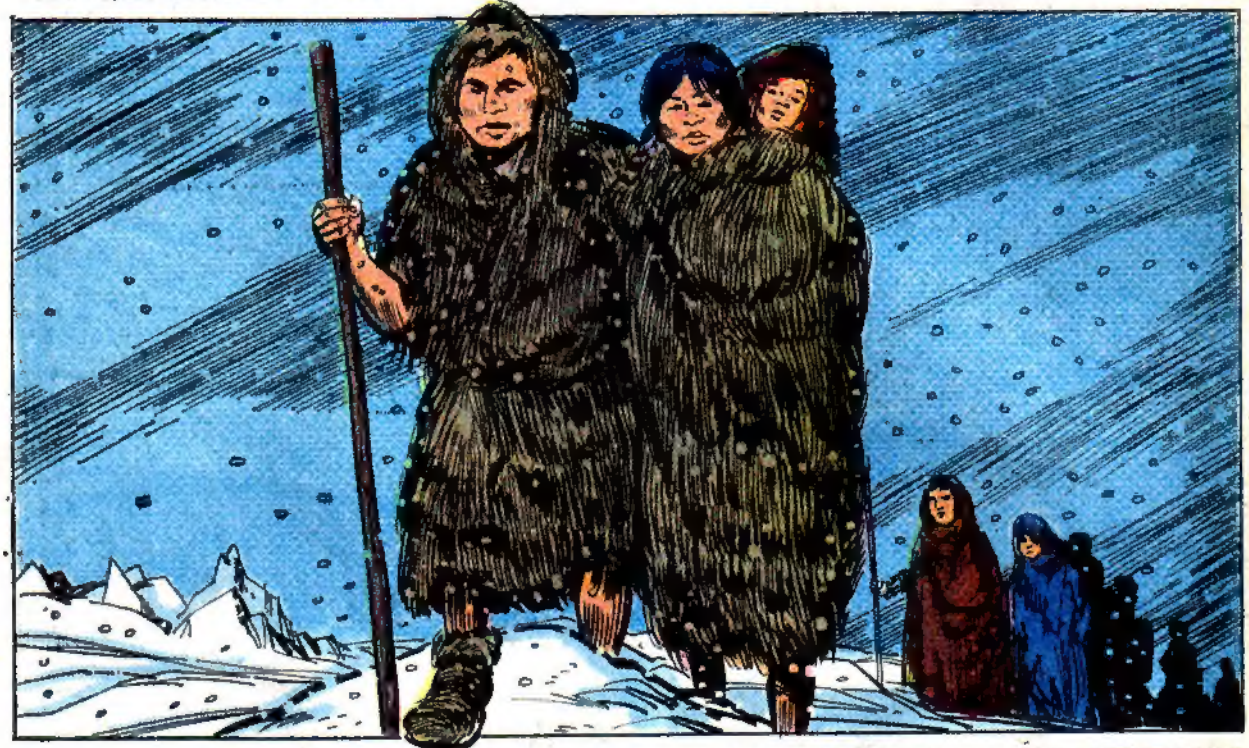
COLUMBUS BROUGHT THE FIRST CATTLE INTO THIS COUNTRY ON HIS SECOND VOYAGE IN 1493. BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL THE 16TH CENTURY WHEN SPANISH MISSION PRIESTS BEGAN RAISING ANDALUSIAN* CATTLE THAT THE FIRST COWBOYS APPEARED...

*ANCESTORS OF THE TEXAS LONG HORNS.

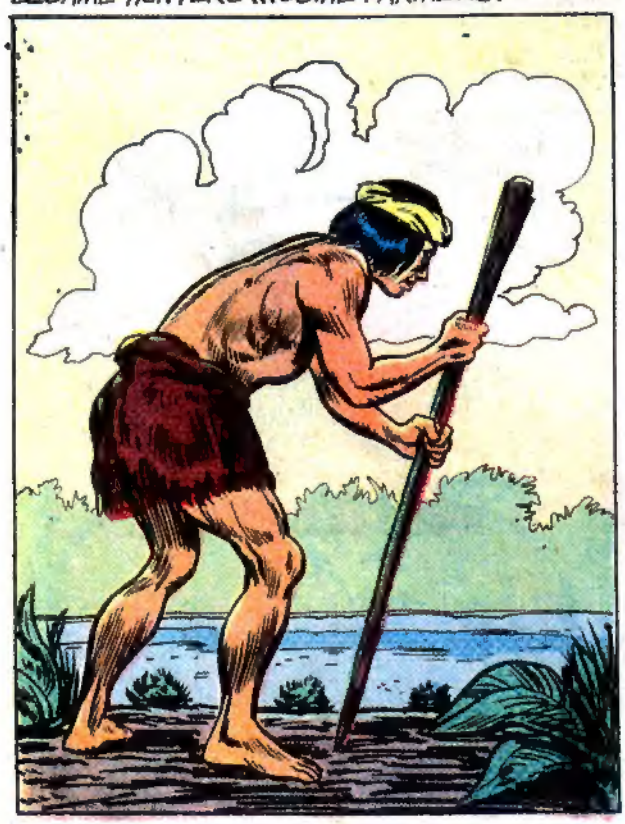
THE PRIESTS TRAINED YOUNG INDIANS TO HERD THESE CATTLE AND SO THE FIRST TRUE COWBOYS WERE INDIANS.

INDIANS! THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW!

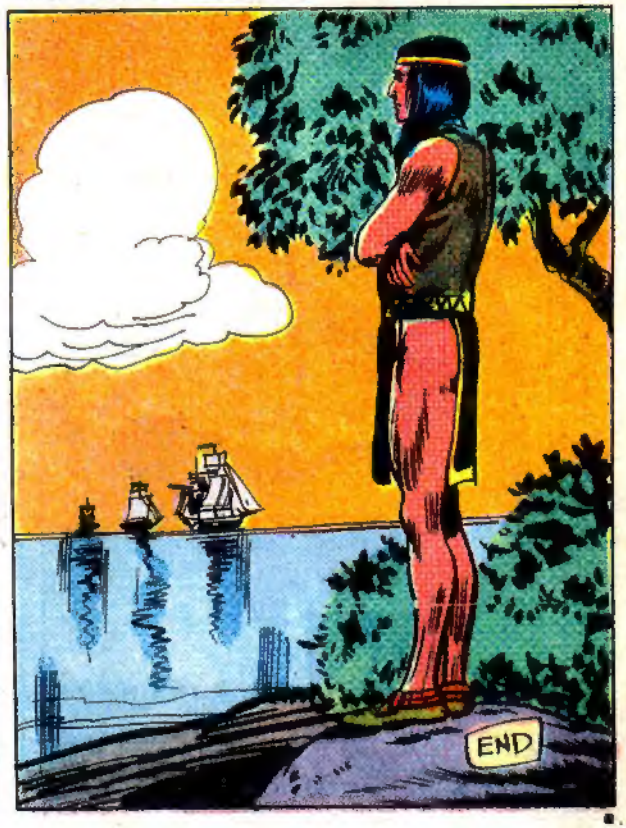
INDIANS FIRST CAME TO AMERICA FROM ASIA, BETWEEN 15 AND 25 THOUSAND YEARS AGO. THEY CROSSED OVER FROM THE BERING STRAIT BY WALKING OVER ICE.



THEY CAME YEAR AFTER YEAR AND SLOWLY SPREAD OVER THE NEW WORLD – SOME BECAME HUNTERS ... SOME FARMERS.



WHEN COLUMBUS LANDED IN 1492, THERE WERE WELL OVER 350 DIFFERENT INDIAN TRIBES EACH WITH ITS OWN LANGUAGE!



A
VIGILANTE 407
Scan